



Inner Being



inner being <3

👁 35 ✓ 3 ★ 5

Chapter 1 by Neolillz ❤

Write a poem/story that describes your inner being

You were sitting, watching, waiting
I was loathing, destroying, hating
And with the fire in my mind
I left this cruel world far behind

My need to kill is your need for speed
And your need for speed is my need to feed.
Your human heart was switched with your brain
And I hope that you can come again...

I'll warn you once, just to be sure
I may warn you twice but no less, no more
The darkness comes, to listen to my song
Yet it kills my friends if they do me wrong

I know this is a sick protection
And it's taking me further away from perfection
But when you're broken a
A little bit of love can banish all the pain...

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I have also learnt that the worse off you are
The goals of love are not so far
And if we were to take our time
We would know where to draw the line

That separates us from death and life
So we wouldn't have to raise the knife
To end the lives of all the creatures
You know and love no matter the features...

Chapter 2 by Ryan DeAngelis



Please label it if is a poem or a story

(This is a story that I wrote a while back, but I think it applies.)

I'm trapped in a room, sitting at a desk made of metal, with a seat of hard plastic. Nothing has any discernible color other than the slightly marbled gray of concrete. No exits, holes, nothing. Just a gray box that I am seated in the middle of. I can hear faint sounds of men outside, but their speech is indiscernible. What is unmistakable, though, is their equipment. Tools that I can only imagine are pickaxes are bashing the outside of the wall. Not only can I hear it, but I can feel it. Every time they take a swing, it feels like someone is stabbing me everywhere in my body with a dull knife. It's relentless. I want to scream, want to call out for help, but I know I can't. I can't move at all. But their blows keep coming. They grow louder and louder. The ringing begins to overcome my own thoughts as the pain gets more and more excruciating. I open my mouth and try to scream, to cry, to do anything other than sit there and take it. Nothing.

Chapter 3 by Emmie (TheSideSaddleArcher)



(read down, then read from bottom up, poem)

I

I can't be a good person
No one will ever say
I could win
That's fine the truth is
I'm a failure

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Thinking that
I could be beautiful
Ha! So funny, I know that
Living as a crook
Is the way I am
Being loving, kind, and knowledgeable
It's stupid it is
Forgetting about any respect
It will be hard but I will try
Changing my thoughts
Is something I never saw
Kill it
It's how I do things
Perseverance
Is nothing to me
I knew
I can't come to the light
It's true unless I try again

(Now read up)
~Emmie

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 12 (1 draft)

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